

COOPER & BRUN, PRINTERS. WE STAND UPON THE PRINCIPLE OF IMMUTABLE JUSTICE, AND NO HUMAN POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION. — Jackson. CLARKSBURG, FRIDAY, MARCH 5, 1898. EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

**TERMS.**  
Cooper's Clarksburg Register is published in Clarksburg, Va., every Friday morning, at \$2.00 per annum in advance, or at the rate of six months from the time of subscription; after which \$2.50 will be received for a less period than six months.  
No paper will be discontinued except at the option of the proprietors, until all arrearages are paid; and those who do not order their paper to be discontinued at the end of their term of subscription, will be considered as desiring to have continued.  
Advertisements will be inserted at \$2.00 per square of twelve lines for the first three insertions, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion.  
A liberal deduction on the above rates will be made to those who advertise by the year.  
No advertisement counted less than a square.  
The number of insertions must be specified, or the advertisement will be continued and charged accordingly.  
Announcements of candidates for office \$2.00. Marriages and Deaths inserted gratis.  
All communications, to insure attention must be accompanied by the author's name and post-paid.

**For the Register.**

**LIMESTONE MOUNTAIN.**

This mountain is an isolated hill rising abruptly from the western bank of Cheat river, in Tucker county, and extends in a course nearly north and south, varying perhaps about fifteen degrees to the northeast and southwest. The length of the mountain at its base is about three miles—that of the summit less than two. Its width at base about one and a half miles—at summit varying from a quarter to three quarters of a mile—its greatest height about one half mile above the bed of the river.  
It receives its name from the abundance of blue limestone rock that protrudes from its surface. Its western declivity is exceedingly steep and abrupt while its eastern slope is gentle and moderate, and for the most part covered with beautiful grazing farms. The grass of this mountain is of a superior quality, and perhaps not surpassed in the country. The soil around the slopes, and even on the summit of the mountain is exceedingly fertile, and produces vegetation in the wildest luxuriance; and every part that has not been cleared abounds in dense forests of excellent timber. The different kinds of oak, ash, chestnut, bass, black and white walnut, sugar and white maple, elm, hickory, cucumber, cherry, beech, birch, iron-wood, sassafras, dogwood, poplar and black locust abounds in almost every part. Nearly the whole mountain, together with a considerable tract on the eastern side is owned by Mr. Wm. Ewin, an intelligent and enterprising gentleman, who is now converting the whole into an extended grazing farm. A considerable number of cattle and sheep have for several years been kept on the premises. When the whole is completed a more beautiful prospect of rural scenery will perhaps nowhere be exhibited.  
The summit of the mountain extends in a direct line except that it falls about two hundred feet, not far from the northern end forming a beautiful plateau on level land. Then rising again it continues an unbroken course to the southern extremity. At the northern end there are several high and rocky peaks that overlook the river and surrounding country to a vast extent. The prospect from these points, especially in the summer season is grand and beautiful in the extreme. The spectator seems to be elevated in the blue firmament far above the tops of the thousand beautiful hills that appear to roll in undulating waves as far as the eye can reach—while the meandering river rolls its bright waters far down in the valley below. On this prospect the eye dwells with a rapture that must be enjoyed before it can be understood.  
When passing southward along the brow of the mountain you soon descend to the table land alluded to. This delightful tract of level land on the top of the mountain would at once arrest the attention of the observer. The soil is of a darkish loam, in some parts mingled with gravel well adapted to the production of grain. It is shaded with groves of chestnut, hickory and sugar maple, and covers about seventy-five acres. Leaving this in a southward course you climb a steep ascent which leads to the principal summit of the mountain. As you pass along this part of the mountain you will observe several large trees deeply scathed with lightning, affording unmistakable proof that the "God of Thunder" has rolled his car over the mountain.  
From this ridge, far on the left, beyond a thousand lofty hills, you behold the principal ridge of the Alleghany, looming up in the firmament of Heaven, as if to gaze upon the surrounding world. The eye may trace the course of the ridge, broken up by deep chasms and rounding summits for near one hundred miles. Towards the extremity of the vision the mountains appear as if rolling in the distant waves of the blue ether, and farther they entirely disappear. Sometimes from this situation may be seen the black clouds of storm hovering over the distant mountain—the hard rumbling of thunder may be heard, and vivid flashes of lightning may be seen darting from the angry clouds. On such an occasion the view is awfully sublime. What a scene for contemplation! The mind of the spectator, oppressed with a load of insupportable glory, involuntarily falls back upon its own insignificance, and shrinks into less than nothing before this astonishing display of Almighty power.  
Approaching the southern part of the mountain and turning some distance to the right, there is a beautiful flat level land—perhaps one hundred acres or more. Here Nature seems to have revelled in the gratification of her own fancy and formed a little detached world—peculiarly her own. The soil exhibits great fertility and is shaded by delightful groves of sugar maple, sparsely mingled with ash, hickory and black walnut. Here are excellent springs of pure water gurgling from beneath the rocks, and rolling over the beds of white gravel, or flowing beneath the shade of giant rocks which overhang their course. Here are detached masses of rounded grey rocks, peeping above the surface of the earth, looking at a distance like enormous elephants sleeping in the green shade. Adjoining is a ledge of rocks, skirting the brow of the mountain, and extending more than a half mile, and terminating on the right in a broad pile of huge rocks that entirely cover the surface of the earth. This rocky pile is bounded on the south by a stupendous pile of grey mossy gray rocks, some of which are as large as a temple, and form frightful precipices.  
This rocky pile forms the southern head of the mountain, and is to a contemplative mind decidedly the most interesting part. A scene of greater wildness, grandeur or sublimity, is not easily found. Here is everything to arouse the deep feelings of the soul and drive it to profound meditation. Here seated upon this enormous rock, while the rays of the burning Sun are reflected from its flinty sides, my mind involuntarily runs into a channel of serious and melancholy contemplations, while far around the glory of nature's works present themselves to the astonished vision. There huge eternal rocks, covered with moss and growing grey with the mighty flood of years, still repose in silence. Though the stormy winds of Heaven may have battled with all their rage against them, yet they sleep on. The seasons have rolled, and time has fled—but they remain unmoved, and seem to mock at the perishing glory of the world. Mighty monarchies have shook the world and deluged it with blood; then sunk down in their own weakness—and expired! Nations have risen to greatness and power, and then relapsed into eternal silence. But these mighty mountains of power, as if conscious of their own immovable strength, regarded not the changing world around them. But though they silently sleep, yet they are not ineffectual; though they speak not, yet they have a language which cannot be misunderstood. They point the observer far back in the dim vista of time to the period when they aspired from the hand of the Creator. They speak eloquently of the mighty changes of each successive period since their creation. They remind us of the mighty cities and nations of the earth—once full of the schemes of human life—now sunk to rise no more. They speak mockingly of having kings and conquerors of the earth—long since forgotten in the silence of the tomb. With speechless eloquence they seem to say, where now are the great personages who once figured upon the stage of life and produced such mighty commotions in the world? Their hand grasped the sword of power, and the nation trembled before them! Each tongue was eloquent in their praise, and each hand ministered to their power. Yet they are gone with the swift revolving years, and all the glory of their work forgotten. Old Time has spread his dark pavilion over them. Their monuments are broken down and their very tombs have decayed! Where now is all the greatness, the pride, and the glory of bygone generations? They once lived—they flourished in their day, and the pleasure of life were sweet unto them—but their day is gone!—death has seized upon them—their greatness has vanished away—their pride has fallen, and all their glory has departed forever! And while these silent monitors are eloquent in their allusions to the time-fated glories of the fallen, they also deliver us a solemn lecture on the shortness of our own vain and inconsistent lives. They admonish us that in a few more days the present generations, with all their greatness and their boasted wisdom will sink into the silence of the tomb, and with all who have gone before—they too, will be forgotten. And in the same noiseless and solemn manner they remind us of time when "The ancient of days shall appear, whose throne is like the fiery flame and his wheels as burning fire."  
"When the Heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat"—"When the earth, with all the works that are therein, shall be burned up." They seem to say, "Fond man, thy tabernacle is built of clay, thy body is flesh and blood—therefore, thou shalt not endure. Thy days are a hand breadth and thy life but a span. Though thy fondness of life be great, thy love of pleasure deeply fixed in thy heart, yet thy stay on earth is transient as the morning cloud, evanescent as the early dew, and thou continuest not." They point us to the time when they themselves after having stood in the majesty of their strength for thousands of years, shall be dissolved by the burning flame and "into smoke they shall vanish away."  
S. G. E.\*\*\*  
St. George, Tucker county, Va.

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Silcox was a prosperous trader, and enjoyed a sufficient competency to render them comfortable, if worldly possessions have the power to produce that happy state. Aside from his imperious disposition, which did not confine itself to the limits of his own household, he was altogether an agreeable man, and a good neighbor; nor could his wife complain that he did not provide liberally for the wants of his family.  
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If Simon Silcox prided himself more on one point than any other, it was in the management of his household. From the commencement of his matrimonial life he had endeavored to render his will absolute; and he so far succeeded at last, that he satisfied himself that his aim was accomplished. Occasionally, it was true, that symptoms of rebellion would manifest themselves, and his wife, after several years of feeble resistance in the earlier part of her marriage, quietly settled down beneath his iron rule, partly for the sake of peace, and more particularly because she could not help it.  
Silcox was a prosperous trader, and enjoyed a sufficient competency to render them comfortable, if worldly possessions have the power to produce that happy state. Aside from his imperious disposition, which did not confine itself to the limits of his own household, he was altogether an agreeable man, and a good neighbor; nor could his wife complain that he did not provide liberally for the wants of his family.  
An old friend of his boyhood, having amassed an ample fortune in a Southern State, had, a few months prior to our date, purchased a beautiful tract of land in the neighborhood, upon which he was erecting a splendid mansion. By the earnest solicitation of Silcox, he was induced to remain with his family, at the house of the former, until his own residence should be prepared for them.  
Morton Gray differed greatly from his friend. He had been better educated, and in his intercourse with the world had maintained the reputation of a polished gentleman, as well as an enterprising man of business. In his family relations he had sought to be loved, and in this, undoubtedly took the best means to insure a true authority. Nor did he think the advice of his wife was beneath his notice, but, on the contrary, often acted upon it in preference to his own predetermined purpose.  
"Tell me, Morton," said Silcox, one day, "if you are in the habit of consulting your wife about all your affairs?"  
"Certainly not; why, what do you mean?"  
"I notice that in finishing of your house, she seems to have her way in almost every particular."  
"Why should she not, my friend?"  
"Because a man should assert his authority, and have his own way in spite of everything."  
"But my way in this respect is to secure her happiness and pleasure. A woman, you know, is compelled to remain in the house nearly twice the number of hours in each day that we are, and experience teaches her what is adapted to convenience and comfort. In these matters she is much better judge than ourselves."  
"A fig for a woman's judgment, any how! Why, if my wife had her way, the house would be turned topsy-turvy, and I should become a bankrupt in a very brief space of time."  
"I should think Silcox, that I was talking with a double-distilled old bachelor, instead of a sensible, married man."  
"I am master of my house, at all events."  
"And precious management you would make of it, I think, without a mistress!"  
"My wife is well enough as long as she

**BE KIND TO THE STRICKEN.**

Be kind to the stricken, nor pass ye him by.  
With a frown on thy features, and scorn in thy eye;  
Each look which thou givest, each word thou dost speak,  
Is a balm or a wound, to the stricken one's soul.  
Be kind to the stricken, Oh, give him a smile,  
It may calm his anguish, his sadness beguile;  
Oh, give him a smile, a sweet blessing 'twill be,  
Be kind to the stricken—a word thou canst give.  
In a tone of sweet kindness, 'twill help thee to live;  
'Twill cost thee no labor—'twill cause thee no sigh;  
Perchance such a gift, would his bitter tears dry.  
Be kind to the stricken, grief marks him 'er own—  
While anguish and sorrow around him are thrown—  
He asks thee no favors, advances no claim;  
But give him a smile, 'twill soften his pain.  
Be kind to the stricken, thou never canst fail,  
The heart-rending sorrows which over him steal;  
The clouds of misfortune hang over his soul,  
Oh, deal with him gently—let kindness control.  
St. George, Tucker Co., Va., Feb. 11, 1898.

**For the Register.**

**A DIRGE.**

IN MEMORY OF MARGARET MINER.

Sweetly she sleeps, as by her winds are sighing.  
Paying their requiem to the dead;  
While o'er the low mound, in which her clay-cold form is lying—  
The blue forget-me-not lifts its tiny head.  
O gentle was she as the fair daisy morn,  
Whose plumage was fanned by the zephyrs of night;  
Like a silvery cloud from our earth she was borne,  
And wafted a seraph to regions of light.  
Like a dream she has passed, and we greet her no more—  
Like a bright summer vision she vanished away,  
Paid the stern debt of nature—her sufferings are o'er;  
And now she is blooming in regions of day.  
Sweet one, thou art resting in mansions on high,  
And waving the palms which thy victory won,  
With God's purest angels forever shalt vie,  
Thy Lord hath assured thee thy labor's well done.  
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